

A Quarrel

by Bob Elder

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Summary: I wrote this after I had 3 cans of soda and some cold macaroni. P?WP?

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> <br> "I don't see what that has to do with anything!"

> "That's the point! You don't see any connection!" <br> "Hey! Will you two please calm down?"

> Rachel turned to Jake "No I will not, calm down! He is being a complete jerk!" <br> "I am NOT," Marco said "She is acting like a stuck up super model!"

> Jake put his hands up in his own defense. "Don't blame me guys, I'm just trying to keep a semblance of order here. We do have slightly more important things to discuss, you know? Remember? The entire alien thing!" <br> "But," Rachel started

> " " " " " Jake's look hardened "Rachel, go sit over there." He pointed at one side of the barn. Rachel glared at Jake, and then she whirled around and stalked off to a stray bale of hay. She sank down onto it, shooting Marco a poisonous look. Marco smirked, but Jake turned towards him and pointed to the other wall. "And you, go sit over there." When Marco was seated Jake said, "If you continue to act like children, I'll just have to separate you! Now you WILL stay there and you WILL be quiet!!!" <br> " " " " " His voice rose in volume and pitch until, when at the end, it was a full-scale scream. Jake was at his wits end. How was he supposed to plan a "war" when he needed to maintain control? He threw up his hands. Turning he stormed out of the barn, not even caring that the door made a very loud and very grating sound when he slammed it shut.

> " " " " " Cassie put a small rodent back in its cage. She took off

her gloves, loosening them one finger at a time. Her gaze flicked from Marco to Rachel. She didn't need to speak; her eyes said it all. "You two should be ashamed of yourselves." Marco looked down, suddenly interested in the hay he was sitting on. Rachel sat, back straight, eyes focused on Marco. With a sigh, Cassie walked across the barn and followed Jake out. <br> Â Â Â Â Â He stood leaning up against the wall picking at some of the peeling red paint. Cassie walked out of the barn closing the door slightly softer than Jake had. She walked over and stood next to him. "You know, Jake, that they were being childish."

> Jake chortled. "Yeah, I know. I just came out here to cool off. Sometimes they make me so...frustrated." <br> She sighed, "I really know what you mean. Rachel is my best friend, but she IS hardheaded sometimes."

> Jake started to laugh. "Rachel? Hardheaded? I would have never guessed!" <br> "I certainly wouldn't have." Cassie grinned

> "Do you think they'll kill each other if we don't go back in?" <br> "Probably," she poked at his ribs, "Why? You want them to eliminate each other?" She smiled "That's fine, but I'm not helping you clean up the blood."

> He laughed again. "You really know how to lighten my mood." He rubbed his throat. "Can I get a drink? Keeping control can get tough on the voice." <br> "Sure." She inclined her head towards the barn "We'll get a few soda's for those two, the decaffeinated kind, maybe it will help them relax."

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> <br> Â Â Â Â Â Marco looked down at the floor. Rachel's eyes borrowed into him. The blue ice chips chilled him to the bone; they got under his skin and made it crawl. He coughed uncomfortably. Rachel could be a blond demon when she was pissed.

> Â Â Â Â Â He chanced a glance up towards her. She was staring at him. As their eyes met, he shivered. The way her hands were calmly folded in her lap combined with a glare that would melt glaciers signified danger. Uh-Oh, he thought, She's pissed. <br> He shifted his weight on the hay. "I...uh...I..." Marco stammered.

> She arched a questioning eyebrow. "What are you trying to say, Marco?" <br> "I...um...I'm sorry." He blurted. It wasn't what he meant to say, it really wasn't. It was just, those eyes. They were pretty in their own, psychotic, type of way. He shuddered at the thought. He didn't know which one: her eyes were pretty, or they had a psychotic gleam.

> "Really? I'm glad to hear it." <br> He waited a moment, when nothing else was offered he said, "Do you have something you want to say to me?"

> "No." <br> He harrumphed loudly, muttering under his breath.

> "What did you say Marco? I didn't catch it." She smiled, dripping with the pretense of politeness. <br> He met her gaze. "I said that you should be the one who apologized. I didn't start it!" He would have given anything to take those words back. Anything.

> Rachel's face flushed with color, eyes turning from icy cold to blazing hot. "Are you implying that I started it?" <br> Â Â Â Â Â He drew himself up; he was not about to back down now. He would NOT give her the satisfaction. "Yes." It came out of a little weaker then he'd wanted it to. He coughed to 'clear his throat' and said in a stronger voice "Yes."

> "I started it? I started it? You were the one who stupidly couldn't see the point I was trying to make!" <br> "Stupidly? Now you're back to insulting my intelligence. You, who could be on the cover of

Glamour!"

> She was standing in a flash, finger pointed menacingly in his direction. "What are you saying Marco?" <br> He repressed the urge to shrink back, so instead he stood up facing her. "You're 'smart' you figure it out."

> Â Â Â Â Â Rachel strode over to him. He actually took a few steps forward himself. She looked down her nose at him; her face was a breath away from his. "At least I'm not short. You're just a little, tiny, nobody." <br> Now Marco flushed. As anger bubbled up, it covered any previous apprehensions. "Don't talk to me like that!" Even he was surprised at the edge that his voice carried. Rachel didn't even blink. Â Â Â Â Â

> "Just what are you going to do about it, little man?" She punctuated each word with by jabbing her finger into his shoulder. Excellent question, Marco, he thought. What was he going to do? He ended up going on instinct. "This." He leaned forward and kissed her.

<br> Â Â Â Â Â Her eyes widened in shock and surprise as Marco's mouth met hers. She put her hands on his shoulders pushing him back. It even surprised her how much force she actually used. Marco went toppling backwards. But, because of their proximity, his flailing feet got tangled in hers.

> Â Â Â Â Â They both fell, hitting the straw strewn floor. Even as they were falling, she brought her hand up, when they hit, her fist connected to the side of Marco's face. He let out a stifled cry, but he managed to catch her other hand as she swung. Hay went flying as they grappled with each other on the floor of the barn. An injured eagle cocked its head curiously. <br> Â Â Â Â Â Each fighting to gain control, Marco and Rachel rolled across the barn, only coming to a stop as they crashed into a pile of empty cages. All the animals were watching now. This was the most interesting thing they had ever seen. Marco tried to grab Rachel's other wrist. He wouldn't hit her. He would never hit a girl, but he wasn't too sure if that rule applied lunatics.

> Â Â Â Â Â She tried to land another punch, but he managed to get a hold of her forearm. Using all the strength he could muster he pinned her hands above her head. Her nostrils flared as she tried to kick him off of her. It was all he could to do keep her pinned down. After a minute she stopped kicking, but her eyes seemed to burn a hole right through him. <br> Â Â Â Â Â Then, he started to laugh. If it was possible, Rachel's gaze grew more heated and her voice was low and dangerous. "Don't laugh at me, Marco!"

> He rolled off of her, kicking a dented cage out of the way. "I'm not laughing at you. I'm laughing at us. We are being really stupid about this, aren't we?" He leaned back on his hands. Rachel pushed herself to a sitting position. To Marco's great relief she started to laugh too. <br> "Yeah, I suppose we are." She drew her legs up and wrapped her arms around her knees. After a moment she said, "You know, you fought pretty well."

> Marco snorted, "I guess I did, but if you had morphed we would have done a lot more damage than a few dented cages." As if to emphasize his point, he picked up a small cage and tossed it over his shoulder. His hand drifted to his cut lip, probing it gently. "You didn't do so bad yourself," he said, showing her the blood on his fingertips as proof. <br> Â Â Â Â Â They sat there, in a not-so-uncomfortable silence. Marco, being Marco, decided it was time for a joke. And as before, he went on instinct, and as before, it probably wasn't the best way to go. "So, did having a roll in the hay with me turn you on?"

> Â Â Â Â Â She turned to face him, giving him a hard look. He swallowed again, half expecting to come away with another broken lip.

The corners of her mouth quirked upwards and she started to laugh. Marco let out a breath he didn't know he had been holding. She tossed her head back, sending a wave through her golden hair. "You know Marco, I think ma-" She never got to finish. <br> Â Â Â Â Â The door of the barn swung open to reveal Jake and Cassie. The smaller of the two held 3 sodas, one precariously balanced on top of another. Jake had his own open can plus a bag of chips. "I know that things were kind of tense in here before, so we decided on some snack food to clear the air." His eyes landed on the two of them sitting amidst a pile of dented cages. Cassie raised an eyebrow. Jake said, "What happened here?"

> Rachel shot Marco a glance, she looked up at Jake and while trying to shake a few stray pieces of hay out of her hair she said, "Nothing. Nothing at all." <fido> <fido>

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